Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXII., No. 47. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1897. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

The Laplander's Bible.

The Lapps have the Bible in their own tongue, and few stories are more interesting than the account of its translation.

Many years ago, says an American newspaper, a series of religious riots took place in a number of villages in Lapland, and among the rioters was one Lars Haetta.

During the riots several murders occurred, and Lars and some other of his companions were committed to prison on a charge of committing them. They were found guilty, and several were hanged, but in consideration of his youth Haetta was condemned to life-long imprisonment.

Pitying his condition, his keepers and the prison chaplain, extended to him such favors as could safely be granted to a life-long prisoner, and finding them rewarded by good conduct, took especial pains to teach him to read and write.

Lars became interested in the Bible, and grew day by day more fond of reading it, and finally formed the bold project of translating it into his native tongue. Through many weary years the labor went on, for Lars was no great scholar.

But finally the work was done, the Bible translated and printed in the language of Lapland, and the remainder of Haetta's sentence was commuted. He was living as late as 1870, and though an old man was still active, and often served parties of travellers as a guide.—'Family Greetings.'

A FAMILY OF LAPPS.

The Possibilities of Life.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men? Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God. There is nothing which comes to seem more foolish in us, I think, as the years go by, as the limitations which have been quietly set to the moral possibilities of man. They are placidly and perpetually assumed. 'You must not expect too much of him,' it is said. 'You must remember that he is only a man, after all,' 'Only a man!' That sounds to me as if one said, 'You may launch your boat and sail a little way, but you must not expect to go very far. It is only the Atlantic Ocean.' Why, man's moral range and reach is, practically, infinite, at least no man has yet begun to comprehend where its limits lie. Man's powers of conquering temptation, of despising danger, of being true to principle, have never been indicated, save in Christ. 'Only a man!' That means only a son of God; and who can begin to say what a son of God, claiming his Father, may become, and be, and do?—'Phillips Brooks.'

Khama's Address to Missionaries.

When Mr. Hepburn decided to take four of the Bamangwato with him to preach to the Batanana, Khama solemnly and publicly addressed the four, reminding them that they were not going on the work of his kingdom, but of Jesus Christ's, and that therefore they must be faithful, earnest, do what they did with their hearts and not with their lips, and rejoice that God had given them such work to do. He along with the leading men of the church laid his hands on them and prayed that 'God would send them himself by his Holy Spirit.' — 'Twenty Years in Khama's Country.'

Alice Barton's Thanksgiving.

(By Annie L. Hannah.)

Thanksgiving was very near, but to Alice Barton the prospect of the day was not a joyous one. If Jack's business had prospered, if even they had met with losses, it might be different. Only that very morning her husband had told her kindly, but very firmly, that they must cut down their expenses—and that after she had thought that she had economised in every possible way. It was most discouraging! Of course, she knew that Jack was not to blame, but it was so much easier to make no reply to his words; and though it hurt her sadly when he turned away and left the room with a deep sigh, and though the impulse was strong to run after him and assure him that she would do the very best she could, she let the moment slip, and the next moment she heard the front door slam and it was too late. It did not help matters much that she sat down and cried over what she called her own 'hatefulness,' for Jack did not know how bitterly she was repenting, she told herself; and that she had added one more anxiety to the burdens he had to bear did not serve to make her day a happier one. He was one in a hundred, was her Jack, and she knew it. Dear true-hearted, chivalrous Jack! How tenderly he had cared for her during her long illness, and how often she had returned his devotion with peevish complaint. That doctor's bill of hers, by the way, was one of the things which was worrying Jack; and that illness had been brought on by her own stubborn refusal to listen to her husband's advice that she should not sit in a draught when she was overheated. But not once had he mentioned the fact, or even looked, 'I told you so.'

She was in the midst of her lamentations when her mother came in to spend the morning with her, and finding her sobbing, with her face buried in the pillows, insisted on knowing what the trouble was; and Alice, who never thought of trying to evade a question of her mother's, knowing how useless that would be, sat up and told her story, which sounded so much worse in the telling that by the time it was finished she was crying harder than at first. For a few moments her mother let her tears have their way, but presently she said, 'Come, now, Alice, you have wasted enough time crying so dry your eyes and listen to me. Not that I wonder that you want to cry,' she went on, 'for I am heartily ashamed that a daughter of mine should prove herself so lacking in all that is to be expected of a wife that is worthy the name. You, yourself, acknowledge that it is not Jack's fault that he is obliged to ask you to save, and in the same breath confess that you treated him as though he was willingly skimping you. You promised to take him 'for richer, for poorer,' and yet the moment that he is unable to give you all that you think you ought to have you make him feel that he is doing you a great wrong, and sulk like a baby instead of helping him bear his trouble as a true loyal wife should. Do you think that it is pleasant for such a man as your husband to deny anything to the woman he loves? Are you so foolish as not to under-

stand that the pain of doing so is a thousand times greater to him than any annoyance or disappointment can possibly be to you? You may think that I am hard on you, Alice, but I am no more so than you deserve, for it is just such behaviour as yours that has driven more than one good man to wrong-doing. Not that I think that Jack could ever be forced to such a pass; he is far too high-principled for that; but it would not be your fault if he is not; and you still have the power of making him thoroughly unhappy, and of disappointing him cruelly. It is not flattering to a man to discover that the woman to whom he has paid the highest honor that a man can pay will only prove an agreeable companion while the sun shines, and that as soon as clouds appear he must look elsewhere for sympathy. But there, I shall not scold you any more, for I think that you understand how wrong you have been, and are as anxious as I could wish you to ask Jack's pardon, and will try in the future to be a true wife instead of acting like a fretful, spoiled child. And as for being thankful—well, I know of few girls who have as little real trouble as you. Take Kate Ray, for instance, with a husband in prison for forging! Ah! Alice, may you never live to learn that poverty is the least of sorrows!'

As her mother spoke, at first mortification and wounded pride forced the bitter tears again from Alice's eyes, but as she listened she was forced to confess that every word was true, and when her mother had finished she got up and going to her side kneeled down and lifted her tear-stained face to her.

'Kiss Alice, mommy, and she won't be naughty any more'; she begged with trembling lips. And at this old, childish, plea, her mother's face softened, and she stooped and kissed her, saying, as she drew the hot head to her bosom, 'You always were a child who saw the justice of its punishment; and I believe that you will be a good child, and that neither Jack nor I shall have cause to complain again. Not that Jack would, though, he leaves all the scoldings to your mother. And now,' she continued, looking about the room, 'you have worn yourself out crying, so I am going to forget that you have been naughty and pet you a bit. See: you shall lie down here on the couch and go to sleep, and I will do all your work for you and start the dinner.'

Then as she led her to the couch, in response to the upheld arms and the 'Kiss Alice, mommy,' she stooped and gathered her child to her heart and held her close for a moment while she whispered, as she kissed her, 'Ask God to help you, Alice; then you will not fail.' And after that she went away and left her to herself; and when, two hours later, Alice woke from the sleep into which she had fallen with that prayer upon her lips she found that her mother was gone, and understood that she had left her to meet her husband alone.

For a moment Alice lay still, looking about the pleasant bedroom, and out into the cheerful sitting-room and kitchen beyond, all of which her mother had left in beautiful order, and a great sigh of relief and thankfulness rose to her lips. She had had a frightful dream; and had thought that, as she lay there, word had been brought her that her Jack was in prison, the note that was placed in her hand from him told her that for her sake, that she might not be denied the good and pretty things she craved, he had taken money which did not belong to him, but had been discovered before he could make good his escape.

Oh, the joy and relief to find it all a dream!

Getting up Alice looked at the clock, then laid her table, and going into the kitchen finished the preparations which her mother had begun; and when everything was in dainty order she went off to her room and made herself sweet and clean, even cut a sprig of red geranium from one of her plants and tucked it into her belt, after which she took her sewing and sat down to wait her husband's coming.

It was not with the lightest heart that Jack Burton turned his steps homeward that day. He loved his pretty little wife with all the strength of his great manly heart, and to see the bright face clouded as he had left it that morning cut him cruelly; and it must be confessed, though Jack strove hard to hide the truth from himself, the disappointment at finding her unreasonable and childishly unjust was bitter beyond words to express. What could he do when she assumed the attitude of being injured at his saying that they must be more careful? How would he find her now: would she be cold and quiet, or would she act the part of an offended child?

With a sigh he opened the door, and entered the house quietly. The sitting-room door stood open, and he could see his wife sitting beside the window, her work lying in her lap, her head resting on her hand. Was she crying? He sighed again, and walked toward the open door. But Alice had heard him, had risen to her feet and was coming quickly to meet him. How sweet and dear she looked! why, she had a flower in her belt—just as he loved to see it! and what was this new expression in the brown eyes raised to his? He held out his hands towards her and would have drawn her into his arms; but she laid her hands upon his wrists and pushed him gently from her.

'No, Jack, not yet,' she said; 'you must listen first to what I have to say. I want to ask you to forgive me,' she went on, speaking hurriedly, 'for the way in which I treated you this morning; I want to tell you how ashamed I am of myself, and that, though I ask you to forgive me, I have not forgiven myself. I want to tell you, no, you shall not spare me—' laying her hand over his lips when he would have spoken and begged her to cease—'I want to tell you that though I have not been the wife I should have been—that you deserved — I am going from this minute to try to be—good.'

Well, Jack Barton was strong and the hands which held him back were small and weak, and so no wonder that, when the brown eyes suddenly brimmed up at that pathetic little promise, he managed to hold them both in one of his while with the other he drew her to him.

And so, when Thanksgiving Day dawned, though their table did not absolutely 'groan,' Alice had done wonders, and her bright face opposite him was far more to her husband than a multitude of dishes. And I do not think that in all the broad land the day was more truly celebrated, or that more fervent thanks arose from any heart than those which found their way to Alice Barton's lips as she bowed her head that day in church.—'American Messenger.'

Weighty Words.

I have never, in the whole course of my life, spoken of any wine as 'nourishing,' and I regard such a term as inapplicable and misleading. Its daily dietetic use, is, for most people, more or less injurious. It is my opinion, confirmed by long observation and a wide experience, that nineteen out of twenty, at least, would have better health and longer and happier lives, without the dietetic use of alcoholic stimulant than with it. Though not a pledged abstainer, I have done the most laborious work of my life — have indeed only been enabled to do it — by totally abstaining from any form of fermented liquor.—'Sir Henry Thompson.'

In a Glass Case.

Two or three young men who were visiting in Washington City recently, went into the National Museum. Passing a cabinet, they glanced at the label on it, on which were the words, 'The body of a man weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds.'

'Where is the man?' one of the young men asked.

No one answered him. In the cabinet were an odd assemblage of heterogeneous articles. Among them were two large jars of water; also jars containing different kinds of fats; other jars in which there were phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, a few ounces each of sugar, potassium, sodium, gelatine, and other chemicals.

Another section held a row of clear glass jars filled with gases — hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen; a square lump of coal, and more bottles separately labelled phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, potassium. In a little jar was a fraction of an ounce of iron, and near by was a lump of ill-smelling brimstone.

The materials in these cabinets are given in exact proportions as combined in an ordinary man.

'It is very curious and interesting, so far as it goes,' said one of the young men. 'But where are the retorts and the tubes and the fire and the chemist?'

The young men stood silent, staring at what seemed to them a gruesome assortment of carbon and sugar and gas and iron with a certain awe and disgust.

'And that is what I'm made of?' one of them said. 'That is all that goes to make—me?'

'That is all,' said a bystander, smiling, and walked on.

But the young men did not smile. The cabinets had set each one of them, for the first time probably, the awful problem of his own being.

'If that is all that is needed,' said one, 'so much gas, so much lime, so much iron, we should all be exactly alike. There is something more which they cannot put into cabinets.'

'Yes,' said another, under his breath, 'that added by the unseen Power, who puts into these senseless elements that which makes man a living soul.'

They stood a moment, and then passed on in silence. To each of them his own soul and his God, had suddenly become real, before these cabinets, filled with all the essentials for the making of a man—but one.—'Youth's Companion.'

Two Englishmen travelling in Sweden recently, lost their luggage, and as they did not speak Swedish, they were at their wits' end to explain the matter. Two young men finally came to their rescue, and politely asked in English if they could be of any assistance. On explaining their situation, the young men promised to telegraph for the lost goods, and made an appointment to meet at the same place the following day. The appointment was duly kept, the luggage duly delivered, the Englishmen, full of gratitude, pouring out their honest thanks to their unknown friends. 'Do you know whom you are thanking?' said one of them with a smile. 'No, sir, we wish we *did*.' 'Well, then, perhaps, you will like to know. I am Prince Oscar of Sweden, and this is my brother Eugene.'—'Christian Herald.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Double Mistake.

(By Jennie Chappell, Author of 'Raymond's Rival,' etc.)

'Rex! Rex! Where are you? Oh, there you are! I say, Rex, uncle says we may go with him to Buckland, if we get ready at once. But there's not a minute to lose. He's going by the 12.14 train.'

Having raced all round the big garden in search of her brother, Maud panted out her message, and stood breathless, but flushed and sparkling with pleasure.

'Right you are!' rejoined the boy, who was fondling a beautiful white pigeon. 'Just let me put Snowdrop back in her cage—she's led me such a dance after her as never was—and I'll be ready in two ticks.'

He was almost as good as his word, and in

'I AM MR. BURGESS. HAVE YOU SOMETHING FOR ME?'

an incredibly short space of time both youngsters were dressed and waiting for their uncle at the garden gate, while little cousin Hugh hung round them enviously, half hoping that at the last minute he might be included in the party.

'If you weren't such a mischievous young scamp I dare say you'd be going too,' observed Rex, who, from the height of his fourteen years, felt it right at times to talk in an improving strain to six-year-old Hugh. 'But you will meddle with everything and get into such scrapes that your mother daren't trust you out of her sight. So you get left behind, you see.'

"That will do, now!' said Mr. Burgess, sharply, as he joined them. 'It is not very manly of you to crow over the child, and make him cry. Never mind, Hughie, father will find him a bright sixpence when he comes home to-night.'

Kind as Mr. Burgess was to his orphan nephew and niece—especially the latter, for he was sometimes inclined to show the stern side of his character to Rex—his own little Hughie was as the very apple of his eye, and but for a judicious mother the child must have been sadly spoiled.

Buckland was the name of a farm about ten miles distant, which Mr. Burgess had quite recently purchased. Therefore it possessed all the charm of novelty to these young town-reared folks, and a visit there was deemed a great treat. There were not only stables, cow-sheds and piggeries to be visited, but a stream swarming with fish ran at the end of the shrubbery, and a gentle old pony that might be ridden with or without a saddle grazed in the paddock.

The train was rather late, and while the trio waited at the station, Mr. Burgess went off to speak to the station-master about an expected parcel.

'I say, Maud,' said Rex, uneasily, 'what do you think I've been and done ? Left my fire-work stuff on the table in the summer-house! It was seeing Snowdrop on the wing put everything else out of my head. And then you came after me.'

'Fire-work stuff!' repeated Maud. 'But I thought auntie said you were not to make any?'

Rex colored.

'Yes—about the house she meant. I was only going to screw up a few squibs for our gymnastic fete. But I daresay it will be all right. It was only that young Turk of a Hugh I'm thinking of. But he doesn't often play right down the garden unless we're there.'

'Oh, Rex!' said Maud, pale with fear. 'Hadn't you better go back and make sure? You know what Hughie is, and if anything did happen——'

'I can't go back now,' said Rex, who could not make up his mind to give up the day's outing. 'I've got my ticket and all; and here comes the train.'

But his face at intervals for the next hour or more showed that the pleasure of the trip was spoiled for him, and Maud felt only a degree less uncomfortable.

They all dined with the farmer's wife and her family, and at the conclusion of the meal Mr. Burgess proposed a walk to a pretty village not far away, where there was a dog for sale.

They had just left the gate, and were crossing the road, when they were met by a telegraph boy.

'Does a Mr. Burgess live at Buckland, can you tell me, sir?' the messenger inquired.

'I am Mr. Burgess, and I am staying here to-day,' replied that gentleman. 'Have you something for me?'

The lad handed him the well-known reddish-yellow envelope, which he tore open, while the brother and sister watched him with anxious eyes.

He stood silent, as if petrified, for a few seconds. Then he said to the messenger, briefly, 'There is no answer'—and to the others, 'I must go home at once.'

'Oh, uncle, what is it?' exclaimed Maud, trembling.

'Hugh has met with a serious accident—your aunt does not say what. But I must get home. I shall borrow one of Marlow's horses and ride; that will be the quickest.'

'There isn't a train for two hours.'

He turned and went back to the house, with a white, set face. The young folks stood gazing at one another in dismay.

'It's that!' Rex gasped at length. 'How I wish I had gone and seen after it !'

'Perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it's something quite different,' said Maud, consolingly.

'No, something tells me it's that gunpowder which has done the mischief! Oh, why didn't I go back when I felt I ought? Why did I ever have anything to do with the things?'

He leaned his arm on the top of the low wall and hid his face against it in a passion of misery.

They heard the horse's hoofs come out of the yard and gallop down the road. The next hour seemed interminable.

Maud went into the house, and talked to Mrs. Marlow. She learned that gunpowder explosions were dreadfuly dangerous, and often resulted in blinding the victim for life.

She wandered out into the garden again to look for Rex. It was nearly time for them to start towards the station, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Soon it was quite time to be off, and past it. The hour for the train to leave came, but though Mrs. Marlow sent a boy to look for Master Rex, not a trace of him could be discovered.

Mrs. Marlow gave Maud some tea, but the child could hardly swallow it. Her trouble about Hugh was doubled by that on her brother's account. Another hour passed, and evening began to draw in. A horrible conviction seized her that, afraid to face his uncle's displeasure, and the grief of which he felt himself to be the cause, he had run away!

Mr. Marlow himself took the poor little girl home about six. And then they found that Hugh was suffering concussion of the brain from a fall from the hay-loft. He was seriously injured, but the doctor gave more hope than at first. Not a word was said

about fire-works, but night closed in and no Rex appeared.

What a night that was! Maud will never forget it, however long she may live. Nobody went to bed. The terrible anxiety about Hugh was added to by the disappearance of Rex. Maud thought it right to tell what she knew about the matter, and why she believed her brother had been afraid to come home.

'Oh, foolish, foolish boy!' sighed his aunt. 'He has acted wrongly from beginning to end. He has made bad worse all through, and added fault to fault.'

Little Hugh was pronounced out of danger by noon the next day, but the suspense about Rex lasted another twenty-four hours. Then he was brought home, ill, and thoroughly exhausted, in the bottom of a cart, and had to be put to bed at once.

From that bed he did not rise until after weeks of suffering. Sleeping in a damp shed near a bad smell, he had contracted typhoid fever, and instead of walking to London, and throwing himself on the generosity of his grandfather there, he was brought back to the relatives whom he believed that his carelessness had so deeply injured, for their tenderness and care to heap coals of fire upon his humiliated head.

Rex was so meek and penitent, and so grateful for all that was done for him, that even his uncle never mentioned to him the episode of that memorable Saturday in May. He had learned the lesson, and brought upon himself a sufficiently severe punishment for his error, and that, everyone felt, was enough.—'Children's Friend.'

Millicent's Milestone.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Advocate.')

'Thanksgiving Day used to mean something to me years and years ago,' said Millicent Hayes, drearily, as she went on with her weary, dreary work in the waning November afternoon. If it is not weary, dreary work to go through the drawers of your desk, reading old letters and tearing them into tiny bits, because it is not clear whether you will have a place to hold either desk or letters much longer, then I don't know what it is. If it is not weary, dreary work, to take out of a house, room by room, piece by piece the dear things you may dare to keep, dropping tears the mean time upon the dear things you know you must part with, then, too, I don't know what it is. If it is not weary work to look out of the window and say good-bye as your own, to the fields you've loved for forty years, to the pond you sailed the little ships on when you were a child, to the church spire that has pointed you heavenward since first you began to think of heaven, to your mother's grave on the hill-side by the church, then I know nothing of weary work.

But Millicent had something harder to do than this. The home must go. The associations of a life-time must be swept away in a moment. She, whose local attachment was almost a passion, must find a home thenceforward, either with strangers or with kindred, whose bread would not be less bitter; possibly more so, for it would lack the salt of independence. Probably it would be earned but it would be regarded as charity, and Millicent felt that she would prefer being a servant to being a dependent.

The hard thing was to take Fred, blind, helpless brother Fred, and leave him at Lizzie's. How would he ever find his way about the big, strange house? How would he endure the children, always squabbling or else always romping? noisy, ill-bred, horrid children, their Aunt Millicent called them in the privacy of her chamber. How would he live without Millicent's music in the twilight, Millicent's company in the afternoons, Millicent's Bible reading whenever he hungered for the Word?

It almost made the poor woman beside herself to realize it all, and to think that it had all happened through the breaking of the bank, and the bank wouldn't have broken had not the cashier been dishonest, and what had the directors and the president been thinking of to let all, yes, positively all, that blind Fred Hayes and his sister Millicent, had in the world, be stolen away in an hour?

With weary iteration Millicent thought of it over and over and over. Yet her capable hands did not pause in their work; the dismantling went resolutely on.

By and by she descended, and for an hour before tea played the old favorites to her listening brother.

'Will you read, dear?' he said, later on in the evening. 'To-morrow will be Thanksgiving, you know. I would like our mother's psalm.'

'Oh, Fred!' she exclaimed, 'how can you say, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul! and forget not all his benefits," when the Lord has forgotten us; cast us out of his favor; robbed us of everything that made life worth having?'

'Hush, sister!' replied the blind man, a pained look crossing his patient face. 'The Lord has given us this happy home for many years. Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil also? And who can know that it is evil? I feel sure always that there is a core of sweetness in the heart of every bitter morsel that comes to me from my Lord's hand.'

Milicent did not answer. In her eyes her brother was a saint, but he was also, she considered, lacking in practical common sense.

'If he can extract any sweetness out of Lizzie's Angeline, I shall be heartily thankful,' she said to herself. 'One thing to be thankful for hereafter, I'm likely to be thankful for the impossible.'

'In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God,' said the blind brother, with a lingering emphasis on the everything. Then he prayed, and they knelt as they had knelt together for years, after which they said good-night.

A few days passed, and the leave-taking came. It was an aggravation to Millicent; in her state of mind, that they could not spend Thanksgiving in their home for the last time, but Lizzie's husband had business in the neighborhood, and could make it convenient to escort Fred to Philadelphia three days earlier, in time to 'let the children get better acquainted with their uncle,' he said, 'before the holiday dinner.' He urged Millicent to go too, but there are black moods in which it is a pleasure to us to chastise ourselves with scorpions, and Millicent was in one of these.

Sine she was to go among strangers, she would go at once.

An aunt in New York had sent her an invitation to spend the winter under her roof, and the home, an ample old-fashioned house, with only two old people in it, and the servants who had spent the years of a generation there, trained, methodical, soft-footed and gentle-voiced, was very much what Millicent approved and loved. But she had a grievance. Aunt Margaret might have offered this refuge to Fred. She might have cushioned his existence with ease, and made his infirmity a reason for taking him into the harbor of a peaceful household. This she had not done, and Millicent called her selfish and narrow, leaving out of the account that Aunt Margaret's husband, Uncle Nathan, had had his word to say in the matter.

She wrote a curt refusal to Aunt Margaret, and went up the hill a little way to be housekeeper to the new people who had built them a mansion just where the south windows overlooked the gables that were hers no longer.

The arrangement had been hastily made She had not thought of it when packing on that mournful afternoon, but when it had been proposed to her, she had accepted it with feverish avidity.

It was a crucifixion of her pride, which, alas! gave her a perverse satisfaction to go in and out of church and among her old neighbors, no longer Miss Hayes, of Cliffside Farm, but Miss Hayes, an obscure attache of the Scroggs family, who could buy and sell the town and the country side if they wished.

How much of our trouble in this life is what we make for ourselves! How resolute we are to be unhappy!

Millicent tormented herself from night to morning, and from morning to night, with the fancy that Lizzie's children were killing Fred.

If she could have peeped into Lizzie's household she would have seen that it was far otherwise, The healthy boys and girls, who had never found a warm welcome at Cliffside, because Aunt Millicent hated noise and wanted to be in peace, were toning down as they grew older. Their gentle uncle appealed to what was best in them, and Angeline, the most wayward and impetuous of them all, constituted herself companion, guide and defender of 'poor Uncle Fred,' and grew daily sweeter for her ministry.

Lizzie wrote: 'Don't distress yourself about Fred, Millicent dear, He has brought us a blessing. I don't see how we ever lived without him.'

'What a grim, stony sort of person that housekeeper is,' said Emma Scroggs to her mother. 'I wish you'd send her away. She goes about as if we had cheated her out of her home. I think its fearful to have such a petrifaction walking around our halls and rooms.'

'Dear me, child,' said Mrs. Scroggs, 'don't be fanciful. Miss Hayes is a perfect housekeeper, and it was a lucky thing for us that she had to employ her talents in that direction. She doesn't interfere with you, Eunice.' And Mrs. Scroggs returned to her novel, sure that her dinner table would be daintily set and her viands delicious.

Millicent still went through the form of reading her bible and praying every day, but the spirit was out of it. She was in rebellion against God—wilful, open rebellion—and, as she was God's child, his dealings with her were not over.

As the captive Jew in Babylon knelt with his face turned towards distant Jerusalem and its holy hill, so the poor, angry, sorrowful-hearted woman, knelt night and morning with her face to Cliffside Farm.

It's chimney was not cold. The man who had come into possession of the place had moved in, and gossip said that roistering and wine-bibbing went on under the old roof.

'An awful come-down for Miss Hayes,' one would say to another.

Yet, with a strange fascination, the poor lady sought the glimmer of light in the pane, the smoke-wreath curling up from the old hearth!'

One night there were shouts and cries which echoed through the village. 'Fire! Fire!' the alarm was borne across the silent

fields, waking children from their dewy sleep, startling invalids, summoning the whole population to eager interest and excitement.

'Cliffside ! Cliffside!' the cry echoed through the still night.

Millicent, with waterproof thrown hastily on, alone, waiting for no one, sped wildly over the frozen fields, but before she could reach the boundary a tall pillar of flame shot high into the air, and the old house was ablaze, like a pyramid of tinder.

'Something wrong with the flue.' 'If Fred had been there he'd have been burned to death, the fire shut off his room first thing,' were exclamations which reached her stunned, yet acute, ear.

In two hours there was nothing left of the dear old house but charred timbers, blackened walls here and there, a heap of ashes, a blot on the landscape of which this house had been the bright centre and the crowning charm.

'Millicent will break her heart now,' said the minister's wife.

'Unless she lays down her armor, and stops her fight against divine providence,' said the minister.

She did lay down her armor. And when, a few weeks later, she went to visit Lizzie, she declared she had never believed children could improve so, and they told their mother that they did not see what had come over Aunt Millicent. Uncle Fred could have told them, but he kept his own counsel.

There is unutterable peace in full surrender and free pardon. Millicent always looked back on the night of the fire as on a milestone in her life, inscribed with a word from one of old, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

Somebody who came often to Lizzie's house about that time, a man whom Lizzie's husband said was 'pure gold all through,' was struck with the good sense, the executive faculty and the pleasant manners of Miss Hayes. He asked her one day to become Mrs. Rutherford, and she went soon after to a home of her own, in which she reigned, a gracious mistress, growing in her life's autumn into a beauty she had missed in her spring and summer.

Thanksgiving's Coming

Oh, what a bustle and hurry and clatter!
Thanksgiving's coming, and that's what's the matter;
Thanksgiving's coming, so all that is best
Must surely be found for the Thanksgiving guest.
Green and gold squashes for brown and gold pies,
Great yellow pumpkins, that might win a prize,
Ripe, juicy apples, the 'spies,' and 'none such,'
Nuts that Jack Frost opened wide with a touch;
Garden and fields must be robbed of their store,
Bounty upon the wide table to pour.

Full be our hearts of the Thanksgiving praise,
Sweet be the songs that our glad voices raise,
True be the thanks that we breathe at the board,
Thanks for the bounteous gifts of our Lord;
Warm be our hearts for the poor of the fold,
Frail little children, the sick and the old.

Thanksgiving comes only once in the year,
So let us fill it with love and good cheer.
—'Child's Paper.'

Old Mrs. Graham's Surprise.

'Poor old lady Graham is to go to the county house at last,' remarked Prof. Dale as he seated himself at the dinner table one stormy day in November.

'Going to the county house?' repeated Mrs. Dale, in surprise. 'Why, James, that ought not to be. She has been such a faithful worker among the poor, and has tried her best to live carefully on what has been given her. It will almost break her heart to leave those little rooms of hers, to say nothing of the dreadful thought of being sent to the poorhouse.'

'Well, I don't know what to do. We cannot support the old lady entirely, and the general opinion is that the county had better care for her through the winter, at least.

It was a decidedly gloomy subject for table conversation on that cold, dismal day, and pleasanter topics being brought up no more was said of her until a few days later when Marcia rushed in from school with the exclamation: 'Oh, mamma! we girls have just the loveliest idea. Helen's grandma feels so badly about Mrs. Graham being sent to the county house that she says if we want to give her a Thanksgiving surprise by fixing up her poor little rooms all cosy and pretty she will help us plan to do it. They expect to take her away the day before Thanksgiving, but we will have her little rooms all comfortable by that time. We are to have a meeting in Grandma Merle's room this afternoon and Helen said I must come early, so good-bye, I'll be back soon.'

'But Marcia, my dear child,' said Mrs. Dale, 'you girls have undertaken more than you know. Who is to pay her rent for the coming months?'

'Oh, Helen's grandma will talk to some friends about that. She says we girls can do the "surprising," and oh, it will be such fun!' and away flew Mrs. Dale's school-girl, leaving her with her needle half-way through the doily she was making, just as she had put it when Marcia burst in upon her. 'Such a girl for new plans,' she said to herself, as she resumed her work, and then added with a bit of motherly pride, 'but she is usually successful in whatever she undertakes.'

On a side street, away from the clattering delivery waggons and the noisy shouts of newsboys, lived old Mrs. Graham. Years ago she remembered having a cosy little home with petunias and primroses in the front yard, while over the porch climbed a honeysuckle vine. She remembered, too, how happy they were—just the three. But her only child died when a laughing, chattering little fellow of four years, and a few years later 'Joseph,' as she always expressed it, 'was called home.' Then came months of illness, followed by the loss of her little home. Hoping to gain a livelihood she had come to the city, but sickness again came upon her and she found herself dependent upon friends. They had been very kind to her, and she had done what good she could by always carrying a sweet smile and pleasant word for everyone, yes, and oftentimes she had shared her scanty fare with those poorer than herself. But, one blustering night, nearing the close of November, she sat gazing into the fire, thinking of those years, those happy years, long since past, 'And now,' she said, 'they are to take me to the poorhouse! I have been in the city five long years, and I don't wonder they are tired of caring for me, and to-morrow, the day before Thanksgiving, I'm going to the place where I shall spend my last days. Oh, my Father, how can I bear it?' and the poor old face was buried in the folded apron. She aroused herself in a moment. 'It must be for the best, and I'll be all ready when they come for me.' No one will have patience to wait long for a poor old woman like me.' With the grey eyes still wet with tears, she arose to prepare her tiny supper of tea and bread.

Did someone knock? Wiping her eyes and trying to smile she opened the door.

'Please mum,' said a gruff voice, 'my mistress sent this note to ye,' then the speaker slipped into the darkness and was gone. She read it by the light of the fire in the little stove. 'Bless her heart!' she exclaimed, carefully folding the white paper. 'Mrs. Dale has always been so good to me, and now she asks me to spend to-morrow with her. The keeper said he would not come for me till five o'clock, and I'll be home by that time. Does she know that she will entertain a pauper to-morrow?' and the hot tears, so near the surface, streamed down the thin cheeks.

Such a beautiful day as it was! The air was crisp and refreshing and over the deep blue sky floated great fleecy clouds, blown hither and thither by a brisk little breeze. Mrs. Graham was ready before ten o'clock for her visit—yes, and for the county house. Over in the corner was the little old trunk she had when she was married; that contained her clothing. And near the door, tied in a large paper, were her little belongings—all she dared take, for the keeper had said that they did not want a 'lot of trash' around. To be sure there was little to take or to leave, but that little was precious to her, for it was all she had left of the dear little home of long ago. Yes, everything was ready.

'Where is my Marcia?' she asked, after receiving a cordial welcome from Mrs. Dale.

'Marcia will be out with some girls for the rest of the day, but she says she will see you before you go.'

Marcia was at that moment in old Mrs. Graham's sitting-room taking up tacks as fast as her fingers could fly. Five busier girls would have been difficult to find, and the transformation wrought in those little rooms during the afternoon was a marvel to the girls themselves.

'Fortunate for us Mrs. Graham is a neat housekeeper,' remarked Helen. 'The windows are so bright and clean that we won't have to wash them, and when the carpet is down the worst will be over. That big brother of mine will see to that. He says he will help us so much in our 'crazy' plan as he calls it. It was so kind of Leo's papa to send us the carpet from the store. Those bright flowers will just delight her, I know.'

'There comes the rest of the things,' called Marcia, as a genial old man drove up to the door.

'I don't charge nothin' for sich a trip as this,' he remarked, as he handed down various pieces of furniture, donated by the girls' parents, 'Ain't you awfully tired? Your faces look pink as posies. But when the old lady gets here she will think she's got to heaven sure'; and the girls smiled, but said nothing, though in their hearts they agreed with him.

The little clock, found in the bundle by the door, struck four. Just one more look, then they would mop up and slip outside to await her coming. 'Mamma said that she would see that she started at precisely four o'clock,' said Marcia, as she stopped to survey the afternoon's work.

Yes, the rooms were sweet and pretty, as nearly like the little 'honeysuckle home' of long ago as the girls could make it.

There was a bright fire in the little stove, and near by, as if promising comfort to whoever wished it, stood a rocking-chair, cushioned in soft, pretty material. Then

there was the old-fashioned black walnut stand adorned with a new spread, and upon it the worn bible, also taken from the parcel near the door. Beneath it Helen had slipped an envelope containing a cheery greeting and a note promising the payment of room-rent for the year, signed by Grandma Merle. All about the room were touches of brightness, such touches as girls know so well how to give their own roms to make them lok bright and cheerful. The tiny sleeping room had been freshened, too, and the cupboard with its three shelves held a real Thanksgiving repast — and much to spare. Somebody, hearing of the girls' beautiful idea, sent up a quantity of wood, and somebody else was heard to say, 'If those girls care enough about the old lady to work as they will have to in order to get those rooms comfortable and cozy, I surely can help provide for her this winter.' True it was that Mrs. Graham's surprise was proving a greater success than the girls had dared to dream.

'Oh, you sweet little primrose,' said Helen, as she stepped out of the door, 'you look as if you had blossomed expressly for the occasion.' There it stood, in a tissue-covered jar, close beside the little old bible, and quaint little Prue remarked, 'I guess it will make her think of old times,' and they all laughed and said they guessed so too.

'Hark! was that a step? Yes. it's her,' whispered one nearest the door. 'Now listen!'

Mrs. Graham walked slowly; she was weary and her heart ached. Her hand was on the door-knob; but she paused to look down the street. 'They will be here for me soon, and to-night, Thanksgiving eve, I shall sleep for the first time in the poor-house!' She sighed deeply, then turned the knob and walked in.

Yes, Mrs. Graham stepped in upon the bright new carpet, heard the cheerful crackle of the wood fire, saw the comfortable rocker inviting her to rest. She saw, too, the bible on the little old stand, and with a start she exclaimed, 'Why, this looks like the little sitting-room I had before Joseph was called home,' and, then, as if arousing from a beautiful dream, she added, 'but this is only a fancy, I'm tired and my poor old eyes are seeing things as they used to be, not as they are.'

Five girls just outside could bear it no longer, and in they rushed all saying at once, 'Why, Mrs. Graham, this is your Thanksgiving surprise, and your eyes are not deceiving you a bit!'

Then it all flashed upon her. They were the ones who had changed her dreary abiding place into a veritable little paradise. Yes, Mrs. Dale had said that Marcia was out with some girls—and here they all were in her own little rooms.

Someone read her the note from Grandma Merle, and what do you think the dear, surprised old lady did? She simply clasped her hands, and in a trembling voice thanked her heavenly Father for all the happiness of the hour, and then, unable to restrain herself longer, she burst into tears. Tears which caused the girls to stroke the gray hair and tell her how happy they had been in doing for her. Tears which, when wiped away, left the old eyes beaming with delight, and the pale lips wore a smile, a sweeter smile, the girls said, than they had ever seen before upon her face.

'But where is the man—the man that was to—'

'Papa telephoned him that you would remain in Galesburg,' interrupted Marcia, unwilling to have a single unpleasant thought cross the mind of the happy old lady. She smiled in reply. One of those smiles of perfect satisfaction that carried a deeper meaning than all the thank you's she could have showered upon them.

Amid many a 'Bless you,' and 'God protect you,' the tired, but happy girls started homeward. As they hastened along in the frosty evening air, one and another exclaimed, 'How perfectly delighted Mrs. Graham was.' 'Really, I never enjoyed a day more in my life!' and Marcia suggested as she bade them good night that they do something of the kind on the next Thanksgiving, and four girlish voices made quick reply, 'Yes, indeed we will.'—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

A Noble Dressmaker.

(By Mrs. Euren.)

A great many people are to be found ready to engage in philanthropic or spiritual work if they may but labor in agreeable company and be provided with attractive appliances and promising material. But there have also been noble men and women who, with straitened means and slender equipment have entered single-handed, into some waiting field of labor and won a harvest from the most unpromising soil. Single-handed, however, only in the human sense, for they have been led and sustained by an intimate sense of an ever-present Divine Helper.

In the early part of the century there lived in the small fishing borough of Yarmouth a solitary young woman earning a fair income as a dressmaker. As every one knows, this is a calling needing close application and attention in order to ensure success. There was then no eight, or ten, or twenty hours' limit beyond which a much-pressed dressmaker was supposed to be incapable of stitch, stitch, stitching. But Sarah Martin was a Christian woman, and the stitching only represented one side of her life. At the age of nineteen a change had passed over her. In consequence of a sermon she had heard and much subsequent study of the bible she was led at length to the assurance that Christ was hers, and to consecrate herself and all her powers to his service.

From this time forward the attitude of her whole life was expressed in the desire to be used by God, and she held herself in readiness to enter upon any field of labor that he might open to her. At first she taught in the Sunday-school. Then she went to see a sick girl in the work-house, and after the death of the girl the sick and aged in the infirmary begged her to continue her visits. There was then no provision for the spiritual needs of the inmates of work-houses. During these visits the sad case of the workhouse children, at that time so ignorant and utterly neglected, came under her notice and excited her pity. She obtained permission to teach them, and for many years set apart one working day each week for that purpose. For the rest of the week she secured for them the supervision of one of the paupers, whom she herself had to instruct. One of these men had been a drunkard, his successor was a thief, but under her good influence both became changed characters and shared in her anxiety for the religious welfare of the children. At length, when a new work-house was built, Sarah Martin had the satisfaction of seeing a regular schoolmaster and mistress appointed.

Her attention was next turned to the teaching of factory-girls. She had only one person to assist her, the difficulties of the position were great; but the indomitable energy and untiring devotion of the teacher at length conquered, and her class of forty or fifty, between the ages of fifteen and thirty, became a model of good behaviour, Beyond the bible-class, Miss Martin endeared herself to her scholars by entering into their griefs, and sympathizing with their difficulties.

Sitting all day at her needle, and teaching a large class twice a week in the evening this young woman might be supposed sometimes to need relaxation. On off evenings her recreation was found in still doing her Master's work, visiting the poor and sick, bringing brightness and consolation wherever she went.

Yet all this was but preparatory. During many years the heart of this true woman had gone forth with deepest compassion towards the inmates of the town prison. The Tolhouse Prison was like others of the time—unsanitary, wretched, with underground cells only fit to be the habitation of wild beasts. There was no chaplain, no schoolmaster, no attempt at occupation or reformation; prisoners were simply kept under lock and key, and spent their time chiefly in cursing, gambling, quarrelling, and fighting.

The secret wish of Sarah Martin's heart to gain admittance and read the bible to these depraved beings was made known to no one till the object was attained, 'God led me, and I consulted none but him,' was her own account of the matter. A woman was committed for cruelty to her child, and admission to see her was applied for and at first refused, but perseverance was at length rewarded, It was so new for any one to care what became of the inmates of the prison that the unnatural mother, upon realizing that a good and pure woman had come to see her, burst into tears.

This first visit showed Miss Martin so clearly the deplorable state of the wretched inmates that she henceforth devoted all the time she could spare from earning her daily bread to the task of ameliorating their condition and reforming their characters. It was a gigantic task for one poor working woman to set herself, was it not? Any one who has read of the vileness of that old Tolhouse Prison might be excused for considering it the proposal of either a lunatic or a visionary. But this woman was neither. On the contrary, she was possessed of sound judgment, and good, practical, common-sense; but she was inspired with an exalted faith, and her heart was filled with Christ-like pity and love.

At first she was content with reading the bible to the prisoners—the bible which she herself knew from cover to cover. Then she talked to them; she had a winning manner, though she could be firm enough, too. Then she taught them to observe the Sabbath — all days having erewhile been alike in the prison. She established a Sunday service, and obtained readers from outside, but as difficulties arose the office at last devolved upon herself, and from reading addresses she in time accustomed herself to give extempore religious discourses. She gave up an entire day in the week, besides many other occasions, to teach the prisoners to read and write, and also set them to work at various employments by which they might earn a little money to take at the end of their imprisonment. Two gifts of ten shillings and one pound respectively enabled her to get materials to commence upon, and she begged patches, straw and bones in order to keep the men from that bane to all improvement—idleness. The women were taught to sew and mend, the men and boys to make straw hats, caps, spoons, scoops and other useful articles from bone; also shirts, patchwork quilts, etc. So skilfully did she manage that employment was regarded as a privilege, not as a task.

That this one woman, without external authority to back her, should have been able to establish and maintain order and disci-

pline among rough and vicious men and vile women, is truly wonderful — she controlled them solely by her own force of character. Only once did she leave them for a short time, and then was entreated by all to return.

The dangers and temptations that assail discharged prisoners did not escape Miss Martin's attention. In her neatly-kept set of books, which may still be seen in the Yarmouth Rublic Library, there are entries of payments from the 'Liberation Fund' she established, such as:—For a bench so that so-and-so might work at home (he had an excellent wife and two children), 7s; for a shovel for another, 1s 6d; for a donkey for a third, 18s; for a hundred of herrings, 3s; for carpenter's tools for another, 7s 6d; for a blue slob to enable a boy to go to Sunday-school, 1s 3d. The benefactress did not lose sight of her charges when they left her to face the world again, and the knowledge of many an amended life and soul rescued from sin came to gladden her heart.

Until the year before her death, which took place at the age of fifty-two in the year 1843, Sarah Martin continued her self-denying labors. She was reduced to poverty through the falling away of her employment, some persons ceasing to engage her on account of her visits to the prison. But this did not affect her happiness. She would not accept public remuneration lest it should impair her influence. But she was never distressed about it. If presents were sent to her, they went to her charities, unless the contrary was distinctly insisted upon. Months of acutest suffering proceeded the end, but the humble Christian was always rejoicing — there were no clouds, nor doubts, nor anxieties. She was satisfied that her Heavenly Father would supply all her needs, and friends appeared and gladly ministered to her necessities. When told that her departure was close at hand, she exclaimed, 'Thank God, thank God.'

The afflicted and sinful, who best knew this woman of the Christ-like heart, long remembered her as the 'Good Miss Martin.' The work she initiated has now largely become common property, but it is well to keep green the name of a woman who dared to be singular in doing good, and succeeded in purifying, physically, morally, and spiritually, so foul a den as once was the Yarmouth Tolhouse Prison.—'S.S. Times' (English).

Grandmother's Blue China Teapot.

(By Susan Teall Perry.)

The night after Polly broke grandmother's blue china teapot, she could not get to sleep for a long time. Grandmother had been so sweet and lovely about it all that it made Polly feel worse than if she had scolded her and been disagreeable over the misfortune. If she could only buy another teapot to replace it! She would go to all the stores in town the next day, and take some of the broken bits with her to be sure and get the right color and pattern. She had heard her grandmother say that old-fashioned things were coming into style again. The broken bits Polly had thrown in the ash-barrel in the yard; she hoped they would be safe there when she got up in the morning. She overslept herself with this happy thought of making grandmother's loss good, but when she went to look for the bits she found that the ash-barrel had been already emptied.

There was nothing to do but to go and tell grandmother all about what she had intended to do. But when she told grandmother, the old lady opened the cupboard door, and there Polly saw the china teapot standing in its usual place on the shelf. Grandmother had rescued those bits and cemented them together with the wonderful cement she had bought from a man in front of one of the large stores.

'We shall not dare use it any more, but we can look at it,' she said. 'I did hate to have to open that closet and not see that dear old teapot looking into my face like an old tried friend of the long ago. That teapot has a history, and I will tell you its story.'

So Polly and her sister sat down in her room to listen. Grandmother took her darning-bag and pulled out some of the stockings that needed mending, and then began her story. She always found something for her hands to do.

'When I was a little girl I had an Uncle Nehemiah, who was a very pious man. He was so very good that I used to be rather afraid of him, lest I should do or say something wrong in his presence. Somehow I never felt like climbing on his knee and putting my arm around his neck as I did with father, and Uncle Nehemiah was his own brother. I did not like to think he was more pious than father, but I liked father's ways of piety better than I did Uncle Nehemiah's. I had heard an aunt of ours say to mother once: 'If Nehemiah does not get to heaven, none of the rest of us need expect to get there.' So I imagined that the people in heaven were all tall and straight, and very serious-looking, like my uncle, and that it must be wicked to be happy and have a good time.

'One night, in a confidential talk with mother, I told her, and she said it was only because Uncle Nehemiah did not understand children that he did not seem to have sympathy with them. He had none of his own and was not used to them. After that I noticed that, for some reason my uncle smiled oftener at me, and asked me questions about my lessons in school, and did not seem so very serious. I think now that mother said something to him of what I had imagined. He used to visit us twice a year, and once, when he was going away, he said to me, 'Hannah, if you will learn the fourteenth chapter of John so you can say every word of it, before I come again, I will bring you a nice present.' I promised to do so, and I began at once, to learn four or five verses a day, to recite to my mother at night.

'When Uncle Nehemiah came I stood up in the middle of the sitting room floor and recited the whole of the fourteenth chapter of John without missing a word. He did not give me any praise, because that was not his way, but he went and unstrapped a small hair-covered trunk that had brass nails on it. I was full of great anticipations. I was sure it was a nice doll, or a large picture-book, or something of that kind that he had for me, and was very much disappointed when he took that blue china teapot out of his trunk and handed it to me. It was a present for grown-up folks, not for a child, but I thanked him, of course.

Then I went to mother's room with it and burst out crying. 'I'll give you this teapot, mother,' I said, 'and I'm just as sorry as I can be that I studied so hard and learned the fourteenth chapter of John, just for that old teapot.' Then mother put her arm around me, and said, 'My dear child, that precious chapter will be a comfort and a help to you all your life long. It is your mother's favorite chapter. Through troubles and sorrows it has brought me so much comfort.' I have often thanked God since that I learned those precious words. I can say every word of that chapter now, though so many other things have been forgotten.

'Mother put the teapot in the china closet, and when we had company she used it. Everybody admired it, and mother would turn an approving look toward me and say, 'That is Hannah's teapot, that Uncle Nehemiah gave her for learning the fourteenth chapter of John.' Then everyone would say, 'Oh, how good of him!' After a time I began to be ashamed of the way I had received that teapot, and I told mother I believed I would take it back again, and she said she never had considered it hers. When I was engaged to your grandfather, I used to laugh and tell folks that I had one thing towards housekeeping, and that was a blue china teapot, Uncle Nehemiah had gone long before that time to 'the many mansions' prepared for those who love God, and I used to think of him as having a face in heaven with a look of joy on it, instead of the grave one he used to wear here, for my idea of the inhabitants of that heavenly country had changed.

'When I went to housekeeping I put that blue teapot in a prominent place on my china closet shelf. The first tea I poured in my own home was poured from that teapot. I never look at it now without longing to thank Uncle Nehemiah for being the means of my learning that beautiful chapter which has been such a source of comfort to me all through life.

'Do you understand why I do not wish to part with it? All the dear ones of those days, except a very few, have gone to be forever with the blessed Lord, who spoke those words of comfort and help. Somehow the teapot seems to be a connecting link between us. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Remember that, dear girls, and trust in the Lord at all times and all places. I hope you will both learn that beautiful chapter now while you are young. Children do not learn bible verses as we used to, and it seems to me a great mistake.'

Polly knew then that she could never have replaced that teapot by any new one from the store, and she was thankful her grandmother had been able to cement it together again.

After grandmother finished her story, she went to the closet and lifted up the teapot carefully. 'It seems to stick and I am so glad,' she said. 'I guess what the man said about his cement being the 'gen-u-ine article' was true. I hope it will hold together as long as I live, so I can have it for a companion.' The girls thought that the companionship of an old china teapot was a queer one, but they did not understand it all as grandmother did.—'Evangelist.'

To Strengthen the Memory.

After reading a book or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it, and, if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or hints of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first, until your mind gets under control, and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think the matter all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory—so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.—'Alliance News.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Why They Were Thankful.

There was a whole batch of them —Duke, Prince Charley, Pansy, Pink and Rosebud—all laughing, chattering, dimpling in the old attic.

'To-day is "Givin'fanks" day,' said Rosebud, 'and I'm fankful 'cause I've got Jeremiah,' and she hugged her little no-nosed Jeremiah in her chubby arms.

'O, you silly little Rosebud,' cried Prince Charley, 'I wouldn't give a cent for that old rag doll; it can't make a bit of noise. I'm thankful for my beautiful great big drum. Just listen to it—Rat-rat-a-r-r-r.' And Prince Charley pounded as loud as he could.

'I'm thankful for my lovely new silk dress,' said bright-eyed Pansy, shaking her golden curls. 'I am going to wear it to church next Sunday. I'll look real pretty, too.'

'You vain little minx!' cried Prince Charley, pinching the tiny ear nearest to him, 'dress, dress, dress, that is all you think about.'

Pansy only gave Prince Charley a laughing look from the corners of her bright eyes. She knew he liked her best, although he did call her a 'vain little minx.'

'Well, I'm thankful because my kite flies the highest,' said Duke, with his mouth full of chips, for he was making a ship from an old cigar box. 'I'm first in my lessons too, and I beat all the boys playing marbles. Do you want to see my agates? They are the finest in town; that is what I am thankful for.' Here Duke rattled his marbles with one hand, while he held out his ship with the other, the better to admire its beauties.

'Why, Pink hasn't told us what she is thankful for!' exclaimed Prince Charley, suddenly. 'You must say something, Pink,' he continued, 'or you can't have any turkey or mince pie for dinner.'

Silly little Pink began to blush—she always blushed so easily, that was why they called her Pink. Such a quiet, demure little body, never chattering like the others, yet always saying the right thing when she did speak.

'Yes, of course, let's hear what Pink has to say,' said Duke, loftily.

'Pink doesn't like dresses very much,' said Pansy.

'Nor Jeremiahs,' said Rosebud, giving her dolly another hug.

'Nor drums,' said Prince Charley, laughing at the idea of sober little Pink beating a drum.

'Nor marbles, nor kites, nor being first,' added Duke, 'now what can you be thankful for, anyway?'

Pink gave such a 'pinky' blush before she answered in her soft, purring voice: 'I'm thankful for papa and mamma, because they are such a dear good papa and mamma.' Here Pink blushed pinker than before.

There was silence for a few moments after that. Just imagine, they had forgotten papa and mamma!

'Why,' said Prince Charley, letting his drumsticks fall, 'papa gave me this drum on my birthday.'

'And mamma made my beautiful kite,' said Duke.

'And my new silk dress,' added Pansy.

'And my Jeremiah, too,' said Rosebud.

'I wonder what mamma is thankful for?' exclaimed Prince Charley, suddenly.

'Suppose we go and ask,' cried Duke, jumping up.

'All right,' chimed in Pansy, Pink and Rosebud. So down they ran, helter skelter, into the sitting room where mamma was reading.

'O mamma,' cried Duke, for his voice was always the loudest and first, 'to-day is Thanksgiving, what are you thankful for? We all want to know.'

Mamma looked at her bright, happy children, a tender smile breaking over her face. 'Can't you guess?' she asked.

Loving little Pink caught the look and the smile. She took one of mamma's hands softly between her own and said: 'I think mamma is thankful because she's got me.'

'And me,' laughed Pansy, running over to take the other hand.

'And me too,' lisped Rosebud, nestling in her lap.

'And me,' 'And me,' cried Prince Charley and Duke, throwing each a protecting arm around her neck.

'And me,' said papa, coming in suddenly from the garden, trying to put his arms about them all. 'Now, what do all these "me's" mean?' Then they all told him.

'But, papa,' said Duke, 'whom must we thank because we have you and mamma, and you and mamma have all of us?'

Papa's face grew very earnest. 'Can't you guess?' he asked.

They all thought a moment, then Pink answered, her voice trembling just a little: 'You mean God, papa.'

'Yes,' said papa, solemnly, 'praise God from whom all blessings flow.' —'New York Observer.'

'The Land of Giants.'

By Greta Bryar.

About twenty-five years after Columbus discovered America, Magellan, a Portuguese navigator, set out from Spain, upon a voyage around the world.

Magellan's ships went all the way around, but Magellan himself only got two-thirds of the way.

Happening upon a country in the Western Hemisphere, at 'the very tip end of South America,' Magellan's attention was called to the great footprints he everywhere saw along the shore.

Knowing these footprints — or 'patagones,' as the word would be in his tongue—to be due to the huge feet of the natives who walked about here, Magellan called this country Patagonia; and Patagonia means 'The Land of Giants.'

It was afterwards found out that the size of these 'patagones' was due in part, to the clumsy footgear worn by the natives — the Patagonian Indians—rather than to the size of their feet.

However, the Indians Magellan and his men saw were, in reality, a race of giants; many of them being seven feet tall, and the average among them six and one-half feet in height.

After this a great deal was said about 'The Land of Giants.' The Patagonians themselves were also talked about on account of their size and strength. Stories were carried back to Spain by Magellan's men, and the news soon got abroad that the explorers had indeed seen wonderful sights in this country they had found.

These Indians since then have greatly decreased in size and diminished in numbers. Other explorers have gone there; our missionaries have been to see them, and they are slowly learning of the white man's ways.

When Magellan happened upon this country, there were no horses

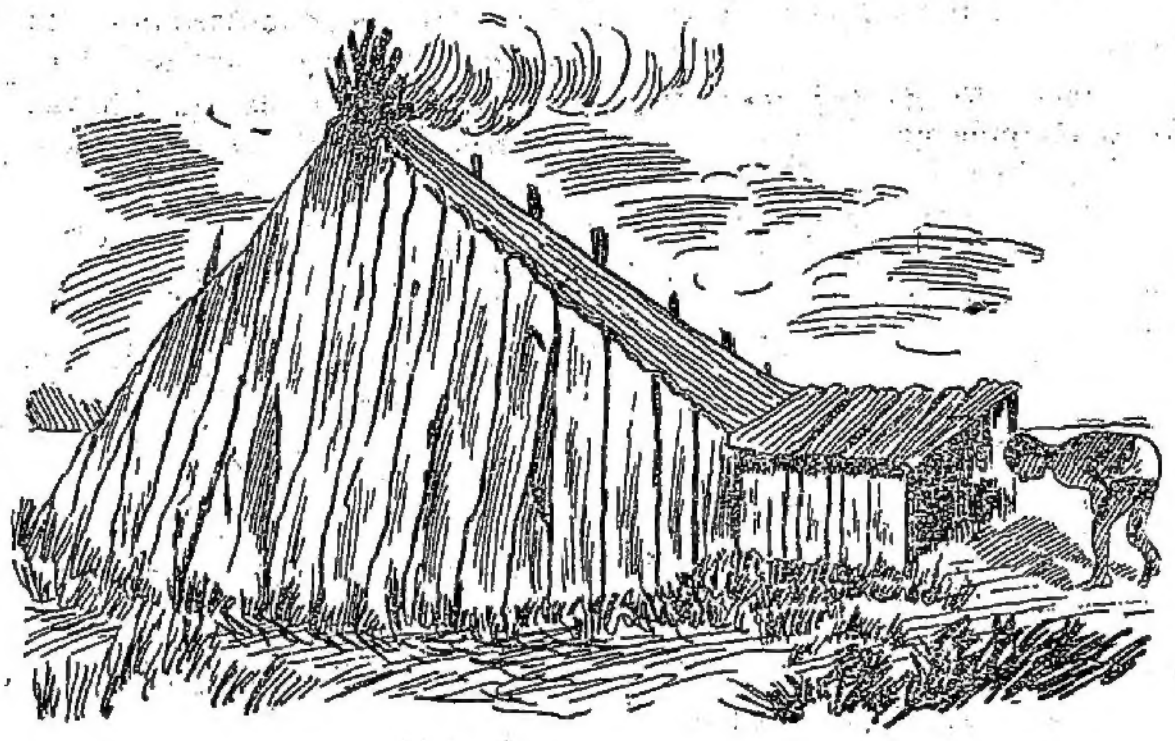
there. The Indians travelled and hunted on foot.

They lived on the flesh of the Patagonian ostrich, and so had to outrun the swift-footed bird they hunted. Therefore they must be active of foot and nimble of limb.

Not long after Magellan's discovery, horses were brought to Patagonia from Buenos Ayres. The giants soon learned to ride and hunt on horseback. Since then a change has taken place. The Patagonians are still large enough to be called giants, but among their men they have none tall enough for the average man's head to only reach to his waist, as Magellan's men said was a fact when they landed on their shores.

This decrease in size is attributed to their easy mode of life as compared to their early mode of living. It has taken several hundred years to bring about this change. For it was in 1520 that Magellan saw the great footprints.

The home of the Patagonian is a portable one. Rather he has no



A PATAGONIAN HOME.

home at all, as you and I are taught to look upon the place in which we live.

The Patagonians all live in tents which may be set up or taken down at pleasure.

Light poles are stuck in the ground, and then covered over with skins, or any other handy material. These tents vary both in size and shape, but all are easily carried about on horseback.

From Patagonia Magellan sailed into the straits which are named after him. Along the shores of an island in the south, he saw burning fires, which had been kindled by the natives. This was their means of communicating with each other. But because of this, Magellan named the island 'Tierra del Fuego,' which means the 'Land of Fire.'

Magellan then sailed out on to an ocean which he named Pacific; he kept on until he came to the Philippine Islands. Here the explorers were attacked by the natives, and during the encounter Magellan was killed.—'Morning Star.'

The Teacher's Message Repeated.

I knew one father who was a wicked man, whose sins brought him to the lowest possible pass of misery, but he had one little child who had been taught to love Christ early in life, and who, as she saw misery in her father's face, said, 'Father, are you unhappy?' He replied, 'Yes, my child, I am;' and then she said, 'Teacher told us today that Jesus can make us happy.' That was all she said; but as she said it the light shone into his heart and he owed his conversion, through God's grace, to his own little child. It was a little glow-worm that shone then. It was a light that shone in a dark place, until the day dawned and the day star arose in the father's heart.—'Sunday Hour.'

A Faithful Servant.

On the deck of a foundering vessel stood a negro slave. The last man left on board, he was about to step into the lifeboat. She was almost laden to the gunwale, to the water's edge. Bearing in his arms a heavy bundle, the boat's crew, who with difficulty kept her afloat in the roaring sea, refused to receive him. If he came, it must be unencumbered and alone, on that they insisted. He must either leave that bundle and leap in, or throw it in and stay and perish.

Pressing it to his bosom he opened its folds, and there, warmly wrapped, lay two little children, whom their father had committed to his care. He kissed them and bade the sailors carry his affectionate farewell to his master, telling him how faithfully he had fulfilled his charge. Then lowering the children into the boat which pushed off, the dark man stood alone on the deck, to go down with the sinking ship, a noble example of bravery and true fidelity, and the love that seeketh not her own. —'Bright Jewels.'

Isn't It Wonderful?

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the creeping grasses grow,
High on the mountain's rocky brink,
In the valleys down below?
A common thing is a grass-blade small,
Crushed by the feet that pass—
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,
Working till Doomsday-shadows fall,
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little seed asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed—
But all earth's workmen, laboring,
With all the help that wealth could bring.
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the wild bird sings his song,
Weaving melodies, link by link,
The whole sweet summer long?
Commonplace, is a bird, alway,
Everywhere seen and heard—
But all the engines of earth, I say,
Working on till the Judgment Day,
Never could make a bird.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little baby grows,
From his big round eyes, that wink and blink,
Down to his tiny toes?
Common thing is a baby, though—
All play the baby's part—
But all the whirling wheels that go
Flying round while the ages flow,
Can't make a baby's heart.
—'American Paper.'

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

LESSON XIV.

WASTEFULNESS OF BEER.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

Q.—Why is beer-making wasteful?

A.—Because the grain is food when it is made into bread, and it is not food when made into beer.

Q.—What has the beer-drinker to show for it?

A.—Money gone, strength gone, time wasted, and a desire for more drink.

Q.—At the cost of one glass of beer a day, how long would it take a boy to buy a dollar book?

Q.—How could he get time to read it?

A.—He could save the time he would spend in beer-drinking and with beer-drinking companions.

Q.—What notable case can you give of a boy that did so?

A.—The statesman Benjamin Franklin, who was also the first great American philosopher.

Q.—Would one's choice between such things make any difference in his life?

A.—It would, for such practices always make a difference in everybody's life.

Q.—How much grain is wasted every year in the United States in beer-drinking?

A.—About sixty-five millions of bushels, and this amount is constantly increasing.

Q.—Upon whom does this loss fall?

A.—Upon all of us, for it makes other grain dearer.

The Downward Step.

(By Mrs. Peter Stryker.)

became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gricery about the year 1866. They were charming people. Two lovely little ones, a boy and girl, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, filled their hearts. One could see at a glance that both father and mother regarded them with more than ordinary pride. They toiled for them, and many were the hours of rest denied for their sakes. Their aim was evidently to educate them and fit them for high and honorable lives and to give them a place in society in the years to come.

Gradually I became intimately associated with the family and spent many happy hours in their pleasant home. I discovered that their means were limited, but that in order to make ends meet the wife was helping in financial matters by taking in sewing. A young servant girl was in their employ, and to a casual visitor there was every appearance of a home where love and plenty reigned.

One cold day in winter I met Mr. G. on Broadway, New York City. His cheek was flushed, his eye was brighter than usual, and he greeted me with a hearty handshake. A sudden thought entered my mind, yet I chided myself at once.

'No, no! He is a member of the church; a man of good standing; a teacher in the Sabbath-school; a loving and devoted husband. It is a suggestion of the devil. The cold, brisk winter air has flushed his cheek, and we all feel this exhilaration.'

My future visits in the home convinced me that these thoughts were correct, so I sealed my lips even to my nearest friends.

Some time after this he was about to leave his home for his place of business, when his wife called to him:

'My dear, can you get your dinner at a restaurant to-day? I am very busy with my sewing.'

'Certainly,' was the reply, and he cheerfully left the house.

A few years passed away. The daughter married and left them. She had been the life of the home, and, although all their hopes concerning her seemed now about to be fulfilled, the parents grieved over the vacancy while they rejoiced for her future. But before the end of one short year the bride that had left her home in perfect health, slept the 'sleep that knows no waking,' with her infant at her side. The mother was sent for before the end came. The father, crazed with grief, came to us for comfort. What could we say to him? It was evident that he was drowning his sorrow in the wine-cup. Up and down the floor he paced, wild with sorrow, equally wild with drink. We dared not inform his wife of his condition. It would have killed her under the pressure of the present sorrow. So we again closed our lips and only spoke of it in the family circle.

Again and again I visited the home, and repeatedly I noticed that he was under the influence of liquor, yet there was not enough proof to condemn, and sometimes I half believed that I was over-suspicious, having once seen him in so sad a condition. His wife appeared to be totally unconscious of it, and I felt quite sure that had she suspected anything wrong she would have confided in me.

One day we called together on a family of wealth. The husband came into the parlor to welcome us. He was stupidly intoxicated.

After we had left the house my friend exclaimed:

'Poor woman! How she must have suffered! How mortified I should have been if it had been my husband!'

I was then pretty well convinced that all past suspicions had been imaginary and that grief had driven her loved one once, and only once, to intemperance. No one among all our friends ever hinted a suspicion. Why should I carry these doubts any longer? Why hint of these thoughts to his wife when I had had no proofs save one?

I removed from the city for a short time, and on my return went at once to the home of my friend. There was a cloud on her brow.

'I have something very sad to tell you,' she said. And then, fixing her eye steadily upon me she gasped:

'My husband drinks!'

'Well,' I replied, 'I feared so, but thought you would have been the one to discover it, and therefore never spoke to you on the subject. Have you never suspected this until now?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'but he always laughed at me and said he had been smoking, and then I believed him.'

She confided to me the story of her early life. When he waited upon her her brother warned her that he drank. She became angry with him, charged him with wrong motives, and became engaged. Friends interposed; she shut her ears, and would not be advised. He had never fallen into these habits after marriage, she thought, and until now, her love had been blind, while he had gone on deceiving her.

Drink became his master and he grew reckless. He still held his position in the church. When a few of the members noticed that he was running downhill he indignantly denied all charges.

Once his wife came to me in tears.

'Oh!' she said, 'next Sabbath will be our communion day. My husband has been doing well of late. There has been no evidence that he has been drinking, but when he tastes the fermented wine he will lose his control. Can you help me? Do not let the officers of the church know that you are speaking of my husband.'

I went at once to one of the deacons, and from that day up to the present time, although many years have passed, no fermented wine has been used at their communion service.

But habits of former years were too strong for him, and while his son, the only remaining child, was on his deathbed, the father was found lying on a sofa in his office gasping in death. No one knew the cause. On his table lay a paper giving directions to his wife, and this, in connection with some remarks which he had made, led many of his friends to believe that he had died by his own hand. The unhappy wife lingered to lay her only child in the grave, and then, broken down by care and sorrow, she was laid to rest with her family.

There are three warnings in this story, which is a true one. It is to young people, to wives, to officers of the church.

To young people anticipating marriage, it says:

'If, at any time, upon any occasion, under any circumstances, you have reason to believe that your intended indulges in drink, though it be like cutting off your right arm, refuse to marry him.'

We know of a young girl who took this stand. To-day she is the wife of a prosperous lawyer, with a happy family around her, while the rejected one lies in a drunkard's grave.

To the wives of men who are inclined to social life—ah! not only to such, but to all young wives, it would say:

'Be careful about sending your husbands to dine in restaurants. Better feed them on bread and water in your own house than urge them on to temptation.'

To the officers and rulers of churches:

'Banish the fermented wine from your communion tables.'

Ah, but some will say:

'How can it be the Lord's supper if the fermented wine is not used?'

Who told you, my friend, that it must be fermented wine? Did the Lord Jesus! Matthew says 'the cup' and 'the fruit of the vine.' Mark says 'the cup' and 'the fruit of the vine.' Luke says 'the cup' and 'the fruit of the vine.' John says nothing about it. Paul speaks of 'the cup.' Why, then, do so many insist that the wine must be fermented? Even the new version appears to find no authority for this. Certainly our Lord will not be displeased if we remember his death in a manner that will not offend a weaker brother. Will he frown when we stand before him at the great Day of Reckoning because, like St. Paul, we determined to do nothing while the world stood that would offend a weaker brother? Perhaps he may bless. Perhaps he may say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

I am willing to run my risk with a church that uses unfermented wine. Are you?

'Come thou with us and we will do thee good.'

—'Mutual Temperance Advocate.'

'Do as you please and you serve Mammon.'

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 28.

Salutary Warnings.

I. Peter iv., 1-8. Read the whole of I. Peter. Commit verses 7, 8. (May be used as a temperance lesson.)

International Temperance Sunday.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.' (I. Pet. iv., 7.)

Home Readings.

M. I. Pet. i., 1-25.—Exhortation to godliness.
T. I. Pet. ii., 1-25.—Warning against fleshly lusts.
W. I. Pet. iii., 1-22.—Exhorting to unity and love.
Th. I. Pet. iv., 1-19.—Salutary warnings.
F. I. Pet. v., 1-14.—'Be sober, be vigilant.'
S. Titus ii., 1-15.—'Live soberly, righteously, and godly.'
S. Heb. xiii., 1-25.—'Let brotherly love continue.'

Lesson Story.

Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, was writing to Christians scattered throughout different parts of Asia Minor. His letter would be read by one church, and then sent on to another city, when one of the members of the church was going. He writes chiefly to encourage those who are in danger of persecution, and who constantly met with difficulties of one kind or another from their heathen neighbors. He also exhorts them with regard to many duties of daily life, and both in the encouragement and in the exhortations he refers repeatedly to the great fact that gives Christianity its power to comfort and to move to action: 'Christ hath suffered for us.' In this chapter he turns the thought, as St. Paul sometimes did. We are to have the mind of Christ, and as he died, so we must be in a certain sense dead to the world. That is, we are no longer to be swayed by the foolish desires and ungovernable impulses that make for some people so large a part of their 'life,' but we must live the rest of 'our time in the flesh,'

'Above the howling senses' ebb and flow.'

in a straight line, with one fixed purpose, to do and suffer the glorious will of God. 'Surely,' says the apostle in effect, 'you have followed the will of heathenism long enough.' And he enumerates the things that a large part of the world still follows as its life and its will. 'Others think it strange that you run not with them to the same eager self-destruction, but while they scoff at you, they must account to God for their own actions.' And in view of this judgment which is universal and comes soon to each of us, Peter warns even those who are Christians that they must, so to speak, keep their wits about them,—never let the mind be muddled with wine or unbalanced by unworthy excitements, but be always sane enough to act rightly, and calm enough to pray. Do some think this a cold, negative, uninteresting ideal of life? The apostle adds that the most important thing of all is to have charity. Not 'cold charity,' but charity that is fervent, i.e., warm, intense, positive. Our religious life may have many imperfections, but if one of its chief characteristics is a hearty love for other Christians, it will surely be pleasing to God. It will also commend itself to the unconverted, and our interest in other lives will greatly brighten our own path.

Lesson Hymns.

O, brother, life's journey beginning,
With courage and firmness arise!
Look well to the course thou art choosing;
Be earnest, be watchful, and wise!
Remember, two paths are before thee,
And both thy attention invite;
But one leadeth on to destruction,—
The other to joy and delight.

O, brother yield not to the tempter,
No matter what others may do;
Stand firm in the strength of the Master,
Be loyal, be faithful, and true!
Each trial will make you the stronger,
If you, in the name of the Lord,
Fight manfully under your Leader,
Obeying the voice of his word.

O, brother, the Saviour is calling!
Beware of the dangers of sin;
Resist not the voice of the Spirit,
That whispers so gently within.
God calls you to enter his service—
To live for him here, day by day;
And share by and by in the glory,
That never shall vanish away.

Lesson Hints.

Verse iii., 'Banquetings.' Revised version, 'Carousings,' refers to drinking bouts. The 'abominable idolatries,' were rites of idol worship of a vicious character, associated with festivals in which intoxicants were freely indulged in. We know that drink is responsible for a very large proportion of the crimes for which people are put in prison, but who can say how much more sin and vice, unpunished by law, is due directly to the action of alcohol in reducing man's self-control and sense of honor?

Verse vi., A puzzling passage, often explained by reference to chapter iii., 18, 19, 20, and the belief of the early Church that Christ descended into Hades.'

Primary Lesson.

Did you ever see a rat-trap, one of those cruel, iron-toothed springs? Small chance for a rat to escape if once he tries for the bait in that trap.

Do you know that some cruel boys set traps for all sorts of harmless little animals in the woods. They spread some kind of tempting bait around the trap, and cleverly hide the spring or catch. There are many kinds of traps, some to catch animals, some to catch birds and some to catch children.

Satan lays traps to catch boys and girls—traps of every kind, and surrounded by the most tempting baits. One of these traps is the saloon. Just as the little squirrel walks unsuspectingly into the trap set for it, so a boy often walks into a saloon without seeing what a dangerous *trap* it is. The saloon is a trap far more cruel and strong than the worst-looking rat-trap, and it catches thousands of boys every year. After a few years of what may seem to them pleasure, they suddenly find themselves poor, miserable drunkards, hopeless slaves to their own unholy appetites. Did you ever notice a fly-paper, with dead flies around it? The other flies can see the warning of death, yet they try the paper for themselves with the same result. Silly flies, to go into danger with their eyes open—yet no more silly than the boy who sees the old drunkard on the street and thus warned, goes into the same danger himself.

Boys, beware of Satan's traps!

Search Questions.

Give six texts on resisting temptation.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Yield not to Temptation,' 'Have courage, my boy, to say, No,' 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' 'O, Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end,' 'Watch and pray.'

Practical Points.

November 28, 1897.

I. Peter iv., 1-8.

Again and again in this epistle Peter speaks of the sufferings of Christ. He could not forget how he had increased the sufferings of his Master. Verse 1. Also Luke xxii., 61.

Recollections of past sins should not act like a damper to check the fire of grace in the heart of the Christian. Rather should they cause a bitter hatred of all sin, and prepare the heart to beat with more love to Christ. Verses 2, 3.

The natural man cannot discuss spiritual things, and therefore wonders why the Christian hates what the worldling loves. But the believer remembers that his Saviour will also be his judge. Verses 4, 5.

Those dead in sin are to have the gospel preached to them. If they reject it, they are condemned only for their own act of rejection. If they accept it, the New Testament is to be their rule of life. Verse 6.

Love and fervent prayerfulness go a long way towards preserving a sound mind. Verses 7, 8.

A. H. CAMERON.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Nov. 28.—How can we consecrate ourselves to the temperance and similar reforms? — Luke i., 5-17. (International Temperance Sunday.)

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Nov. 28.—What do you want to do for the temperance cause? Luke i., 5-17. (International Temperance Sunday.)

Open Arms.

'We know that a child can be captured for sin very early in life, and can enter into the wrong so deliberately in life's morning that we find young children in workhouses and other houses of correction. But can the child not learn the right as soon as it knows the wrong? Can it not be captured to obey the teachings of heaven as soon as it obeys the temptations of sin? The world is ever astir to place these temptations before our youth. Children that were considered disturbers and too small to be brought to church are never ordered away from a saloon or other branch offices of hell. They are welcomed there with open arms. Let us learn a lesson here. Let us also stand with open arms to welcome the children into our churches, Sunday-schools and places of entertainment that are surrounded by Christian influences and wholesome attractions. Let us endeavor to capture the children in their earliest years and attract their attention to the side of truth, and preoccupy the field before the devil's legions have captured the soul and obtained the first advantage of possession.

'Another reason why we should capture the child thus early for God and the Church is, that we can do it much easier now than afterwards. It is not necessary that children should become criminals at an early age in order to furnish a cause for the Church to appeal to them afterwards to become converted. And let us consider that if we take a child in his early years and get his influence for the right, we shall keep him when he is grown to be a man. This subject appeals especially to the hearts and responsibility of parents, ministers of the gospel and Sunday-school teachers.—'Bishop William Horn.'

The Harvest.

The Baptist Board of Missions got tired of waiting for the seed to germinate in the Telugu soil of India, and were ready to give up the work and withdraw. But a few patient, faithful workers refused to withdraw, and soon after, ten thousand were baptised in one year! The Lord's patience is great. If he can wait for the harvest his servants can.—'Regions Beyond.'

Every Sunday-school should have a magnetism of its own. Personal contact of officers and teachers with members of the school is needed to arouse their moral energy, and inspire them to lofty achievement. Live, energetic teaching, good music, and a spirit of harmony pervading the whole, will cultivate in each scholar a desire to be present regularly, and, what is better, a liking for bible study. Often the enthusiasm of the school will leap the barriers of established precedent, and demand something new. To satisfy this longing and sustain the interest in the school requires much painstaking labor and a careful study of best methods. But resolutely and earnestly always means successfully, and this is especially true of Christian service. Consecrated devotion to the best interests of the school will reap an ample reward in seeing this band go forth each succeedig Sabbath with broader ideas of life and nobler conceptions of their own usefulness.—H. A. Lane,

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HOUSEHOLD.

A Prayer Overheard.

As the Rev. Henry Bromley, a city missionary in Brooklyn, N.Y., was one day passing through a dark hall in a tumble-down tenement house, he saw through a broken door a woman and three children sitting at a bare table, on which there was only a loaf of bread.

As he paused an instant, arrested by the evident indications of refinement in the quiet little group, they all bowed their heads and repeated in concert:

'God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure,
God bless our daily bread, and bless
Whate'er we do, whate'er endure;
In death unto his peace awake us,
And heirs of his salvation make us.'

The visitor's eyes were dimmed with tears as he made his way down the uncertain stairs. A few hours later, at a supper, in the conference-room of the church with which he was connected, he was called upon to 'ask a blessing.' With the scene in the chamber of poverty fresh in his mind, he repeated Prince Albert's translation of a German hymn, as the poor woman and her children had done over their half-dime loaf; and afterward he related the incident of the afternoon.

All the persons at the table listened with attention and interest, but a stranger in the city, who had come in with a business acquaintance by what seemed the merest chance, was so impressed by the story that he could not keep silence. He approached Mr. Bromley and inquired particularly as to the appearance of the family, and if they lived far away.

'Oh, no,' said Mr. Bromley, 'by a short cut, entirely familiar to me, we may reach them in a few minutes. If you would like to visit them in the way of benevolence, we can go after supper.'

'Let us go now,' said the gentleman. 'But allow me to explain.'

'Long ago, in a country home in Scotland, my grandmother taught my sister and myself to repeat that grace. The old grandmother died, the sister married when very young, and went I knew not where.

'It is years now since I lost sight of her, but always in my own American home in the West that grace is said, and I have the feeling that if my sister is living it is said in her home, also. May not this be a clue?'

'It may, indeed,' said the missionary; and making their excuses, the two men hurried away.

The evening's entertainment was not over when Mr. Bromley returned and described what he had seen to the interested group that gathered around him.

'It was one of the most remarkable instances of God's guiding hand I have ever known,' said he. 'The brother and sister recognized each other immediately. It seems that the poor woman has been through all phases of poverty, from a decent home to destitution in a garret. For a time she forgot God, and ceased to say her grandmother's grace. "It seemed mockery," she said, "when we had so little to eat," But the words, "whate'er we do, whate'er endure," brought it back to her heart, and she resolved, "If God can bless what I endure, I will keep on saying the prayer."'

'This purpose she followed, and in it found reason for increased faith in the divine faithfulness and love.'

The clue that leads one back to lost friends and fortune is not always an act of piety or an 'unconscious virtue'; but we are sure that a soul, however desolate, that never forgets its duty to its conscience and its God, lives nearest to the Guiding Hand.—'Youth's Companion.'

Twists of the Tongue.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

There are little mannerisms of speech which belong to certain parts of the country, and which are caught up unconsciously by young people, so that when they go away from home those who meet them have little difficulty in deciding from what point they started. For instance, if a young girl drops her final g's, and says mornin', evenin', greetin', meetin', comin', and goin', I know where she comes from. I have visited in a place or two where the sweet-voiced people nearly all cut off their final g's. And if she rolls her r's, and says the words that have r in them with a burr, I recall a journey I made one summer, and I remember numbers of nice girls who all paid r the compliment of twisting it lovingly around their tongues as they used it. A girl who says daown for down and caow for cow, labels herself as plainly as if she labeled a trunk, and so does a girl whose vowel sounds are all matters of conscience to that degree that she speaks as if she were mentally spelling her words.

We ought to try to pronounce correctly. There are changes in pronunciation from time to time, but the dictionaries and the usage of well educated people will guide us, if we care about the matter, and take pains to be right.—'Harper's Round Table.'

To Make a Happy Home.

A religious contemporary gives the following receipt:

1. Learn to govern yourselves and to be gentle and patient.

2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation, and trouble, and soften them by prayer, penitence and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

3. Never speak or act until you have prayed over your words or acts, and concluded that Christ would have done so in your place.

4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, the gift of silence is often more valuable.

5. Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

6. Never return a sharp or angry word, it is the second word that makes the quarrel.

7. Beware of the first disagreement.

8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever the opportunity offers.

10. Study the character of each, and sympathise with all their troubles.

11. Do not neglect little things if they can effect the comforts of others in the smallest degree.

11. Avoid moods, and pets, and fits of sullidness.—'Occident.'

Selected Recipes

Kedgeree. — Mix one-half pound of shredded codfish with one cupful of boiled rice. The rice must be boiled until tender, then drained; turn into a baking dish. Put one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour into a saucepan; when smooth and melted add half a pint of milk, stir until boiling, then add one-quarter teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Take from the fire and add the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs that have been rubbed through a sieve. Pour this over the rice and fish, and stand in the oven until thoroughly heated.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.—Cut six medium-sized peeled potatoes into thin slices and lay in cold water; peel and cut two good-sized white onions into thin slices; fifteen minutes before serving drain and dry the potatoes on a towel ; place a large frying-pan with one tablespoonful of beef fat or lard over the fire; as soon as hot put in the potatoes, cook for five minutes; add the onions; season with a half even teaspoonful of salt and a half even teaspoonful of pepper, stirring occasionally; fry slowly until done, then pour off the fat, turn the potatoes on a hot dish in the shape of an omelet.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'